Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

One would think to read the papers discoursing on the fly,
The grounds for his creation and the various reasons why,
That the underlying motive, the real objective plan,
Was to get another whack at
The bald-headed man.

Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of pates;
He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game dictates;
His object is to suck up all the juices that he can,
And he is no Nemesis of
The bald-headed man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use,
And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clad excuse;
He was made to give reporters, ever since the world began,
Another chance to ridicule
The bald headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite,
But the fly will live and flourish, as he always has, in spite,
And the paragraphing punsters from Beersheba to Dan
Will keep up their persecution of
The bald-headed man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old
To whom the sportive urchins, in wickedness made bold,
Remarked: "Go up, thou bald-head!" when out the big bears ran
And swallowed up the scoffers of
The bald-headed man.

—Judge.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Why Kate Blesses a Hardened Old Uncle.

"I never saw such lovely woods in all my life!" said Kate Blessington. "Wintergreen and slender-stemmed wild-flowers, and gray, old, fallen logs hidden in ferns, and merry little tinkling brooks! And Charley has showed me where there is an ice-cold spring under the rocks, and a cave where the Indians used to hide in Revolutionary times!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett, knitting away as if each separate needle were freighted with electricity.

"And we're going to have a picnic to-morrow, all by ourselves," went on Kate, carelessly swinging her broad-brimmed hat by one ribbon, "Charley and I. I'm to pick a basket of wild strawberries, and he's to bring rolls and lettuce and hard-boiled eggs, and I shall show him Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing out there, under the trees. And we'll cool a bottle of your currant-wine in the spring and read Shakespeare, under the green vines, with the blue-birds whistling in our ears: and, altogether, it will be just like a dream of Arcadia!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett.

"That's twice you've uttered that stiff old monosyllable," said Kate, a little piqued. "I wonder what it means!"

Mrs. Daggett looked up at the lovely young thing, in her cool, rustling muslins, and the slender gold chain around her white throat. She "took stock," so to speak, of the dazzling blue eyes and the hair that was like a cloud of crinkly gold, and the pure red-and-white complexion. And she thought of honest, sun-burned Charley at work in the upland grass lots, and the conviction pressed more deeply than ever upon her mind that it was not a fairly-matched contest between her grandson and her city boarder.

"Did you ever read the fable of the 'Boy and the Frogs,' Miss Blessington?" said she.

"Haven't I?" retorted Kate, with a laugh. "Half a dozen times at least. But why do you ask?"

"Because," said Mrs. Daggett, "what was fun to the boys was death to the frogs."

"You mean—"

"I mean," said old Mrs. Daggett, shrewdly eying Miss Blessington over the rims of her silver spectacles, "that what *you* are enjoying so much may be a sorry business for my grandson Charley!"

"What nonsense," cried Kate, "as if I meant any thing!"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Daggett. "You don't mean any thing, but Charley does! Charley is in earnest about every thing!"

"Does he really *dare* to imagine that I would—"

"Stop a minute, my dear, stop a minute," interposed the old lady, whose knitting needles had never for a single moment abated their clicking. "What is he to imagine, when you seek his society, take pleasure in his companionship, and put forth all your attractions to charm him?"

"Because I *do* like him," said Kate.

"And he *loves* you!"

Kate's lip quivered; the deep carmine rushed into her cheek.

"I'm sorry," said she, "I am, indeed. I never thought that—Oh, if I could only put off this picnic business!"

The old lady eyed her still more sharply.

"So he's nothing more than an ordinary acquaintance, to you?" said she.

"I like him," said Kate. "Oh, ever so much! But—I never can be a farmer's wife!"

"There are people in the world worse off than farmers' wives," said Mrs. Daggett.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Blessington, a little haughtily. "But Uncle Orlando has brought me up with far different views. I am to go with him to Europe, and be presented at court by the American Minister's wife. I am to be his heiress, and—"

Mrs. Daggett rose quietly up and laid aside her knitting.

"I must go and see after my roast ducklings and green peas," said she. "And your beautiful bunch of ferns, Miss Blessington, is all wilting, for a lack of a little cold water to put them in."

Kate Blessington went slowly across the wide hall, where the two-hundred-year old Antwerp clock ticked like the fall of ghostly footsteps. At the same moment Charley Daggett came in; a tall, sunburned Apollo, with dark, sparkling eyes and a rich, brown complexion, like a Spaniard's.

"See what I have found up in the fields," said he. "Just in time to escape the scythe! A nest of young robins, which somehow had fallen from the trees."

"Oh, the dear, dear little things," cried Kate, her blue eyes glittering, her damask cheek laid softly against the callow nestlings.

"I thought you would like to see them," said Charley. And then, all in a second, he took both her hands, bird's-nest and all, in his, swayed by a sudden burst of impulse.

"Kate," cried he, "I love you! Oh! my dearest, you must have known it long ago."

But she pulled her hands indignantly away from him.

"How dare you speak so to me, Mr. Daggett?" said she. And the next instant she was gone.

Charley Daggett looked after her with a pained and bewildered face, like one who has received a mortal wound. Was it, then, possible that he had been so fatally mistaken? That all this time Kate Blessington had only been amusing herself at his expense;

"Trying to break a country heart
For pastime, ere she went to town."

While up in her own room Kate Blessington burst into a passion of tears, whether of pain or pleasure, she could hardly tell.

"I liked him so much," she sobbed out. "Oh, I *did* like him so much—and, now— But the idea of his daring to tell me that he loved me! I'll go home to-morrow!"

And the picnic by the mountain spring, whereat Mr. Daggett was to be instructed in the mysteries of Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing, never came to pass.

The old housekeeper in the Fifth avenue mansion stared when she opened the door to Miss Blessington, who had driven up to the front steps in a cab, piled high with luggage, in the purple dusk of the summer evening.

"Is my uncle at home, Priscilla?"

"Well, Miss Kate," stammered the astonished old lady, "he just ain't, and that's a fact!"

"Gone to his club?"

"No, Miss Kate, not ezackly."

"Where *is* he then?"

"Didn't you git his letter, miss?" questioned the old woman.

"I have got no letter. He isn't sick?"

"No, miss, but he's married!"

"Married?"

Miss Blessington sat down in the big hall-chair.

"My uncle? And to whom?

"To Miss Nina Grey!"

"Nina Grey!" gasped Kate. "Priscilla, you must be dreaming. She's younger than I am."

"I ain't, miss, no more'n yourself. He sailed for Europe on Saturday, with his bride. Dear me, here's the letter now, in the rack. I s'posed it had been mailed a week ago."

A cold, clear, cutting letter in which Mr. Orlando Blessington expressed his conviction that in rearing and educating his niece he had done all that could possibly be expected of him. That he had just been married to pretty, little Nina Grey, his partner's youngest daughter, and that hereafter he hoped that Kate would find it convenient to shift for herself, as Nina preferred no divided rule in the Fifth avenue mansion.

Poor Kate!

Once, twice, she read the letter over before she found herself able fully to comprehend its cold, cruel meaning; and then, with her eyes blinded with tears, she turned to Priscilla.

"I may stay here to-night, I suppose?" she said with a quiver in her voice.

"As long as you please, Miss Kate!" cried the old woman.

"No," she returned more firmly; "this is no longer my home. Only—only I have nowhere else to go, just yet, and all this seems so sudden."

Mrs. Daggett could hardly believe her eyes, the next week, when Miss Blessington came back to the old farm-house among the Berkshire hills.

"You are surprised to see me," said Kate, with a faint smile. "But—but things have altered with me. My uncle has married a girl younger than myself, and turned me in a civil sort of way, to be sure—out of doors. I have got to work for my living now. And there are so few things, short of genteel starvation, that a woman can do! So I chanced to remember what you said about a school-teacher being needed at the Hadden Cross Roads public-school, where nobody liked to go, because it was such an unhealthful location, and the scholars all so rough and stupid. But beggars mustn't be choosers, and I thought that perhaps Charley—Mr. Daggett—could see the trustees for me, in a day or two."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Daggett. "And you're kindly welcome, Miss Blessington, back to the old farm."

But Kate cried herself to sleep that first night in the sweet old room, where the sweet-brier bushes sent up so subtle a fragrance, and the walls were papered with blue-and-white stripes.

"So you are back, Miss Blessington?" said Charley, when he met her, the next day.

"Yes, I am back."

"And you want to go to teaching?"

"Yes."

"But I once heard you say you detested school teaching."

"So I do."

"Then why do you teach?"

"Because," confessed Kate, crimsoning, "there is no alternative."

"You would rather teach school than to be a farmer's wife?"

"I haven't said so!" said Kate, biting her lip. "And it's very wicked of you, Charley—Mr. Daggett, I mean—to taunt me so."

"Kate!"

"Well—Charley?"

"Will you be a farmer's wife, *now?*"

"Of course I will be—if you ask me?"

"Because there is no other alternative?"

"No—because I love *you*, Charley!"

So they were married; and Kate has been heard to declare that the kindest office Uncle Blessington ever did her was to send her back to the peaceful old Daggett homestead.

"For," she says, "a farmer's is the most independent life in the world—next to that of a farmer's wife."—Jane A. Lewis, in N. Y. Ledger.

COERCING A JURYMAN.

The Singular Method Adopted by the Eleven to Convince the Twelfth.

Mr. Montagu Williams, in his "Leaves of a Life," tells an amusing anecdote to illustrate the singular method by which, occasionally, an English jury secures the unanimity necessary to a verdict. It need hardly be said that nothing of the kind could possibly happen in the United States. In this country men do not serve on juries at their own pleasure, but when they are drawn as jurors, and one who is prejudiced is not allowed to serve; but the author quoted is a high authority on the English practice.

A man named Watkyns was charged with being the ring-leader in a riot during a Parliamentary election. He was a strong Conservative, and a certain butcher of the Liberal party had been heard to declare that he would get on the jury, and then have a leg cut off rather than acquit Watkyns. When the trial began, the butcher was found to be one of the jurymen.

Watkyn's counsel stated to the court the butcher's remark, and then said, "The gentleman will see the impropriety of remaining in the jury-box, and will at once retire."

"I sha'n't budge an inch!" answered the butcher, bracing himself in his seat. "I never said what has been reported, and if I had said it, I should stand on my rights as an Englishman. I've a right to serve on the jury, and on the jury I'll serve!"

The judge declined to interfere, but simply said, "We must rely upon this gentleman's good sense, and the obligation he attaches to an oath."

The case lasted for two days, and the evidence was very conflicting. Some witnesses swore that Watkyns, mounted on a white horse, led the rioters. Other witnesses swore that he was in another part of the borough when the disturbance took place.

At six o'clock on the second day the jury retired to consider their verdict. At ten o'clock the judge sent a messenger to them, asking if they had agreed. They came into court and stated that there was little likelihood of their being able to agree upon a verdict. The judge informed them that he should lock them up for the night.

At four o'clock in the morning news was sent to judge and counsel that the jury had agreed. The court was opened, and when the names of the jury were read over, only eleven answered.

"One juryman has not responded to his name," said the judge. It was the butcher; his name was called a second time, and a feeble voice answered, "Here."

The judge did not look toward the jury-box; he had guessed accurately what had occurred. The butcher's coat and waistcoat were torn from his back; his shirt-sleeves were tattered, and his face was besmeared with blood. From the first the jury had stood eleven to one. After nine hours of argument, the eleven had pounded the butcher until he was willing to return a verdict of "Not Guilty."—Youth's Companion.

KING LEOPOLD.

An Able and Active Man and a Decidedly Able Statesman.

King Leopold II., King of the Belgians, is an able and active man, though not an eminently popular one. For some reason, not easily explained, he has just missed the general favor, and this in spite of the fact that he is one of the men who know how to say the right thing at the right time, and who never forget a face they have once seen.

One day his Majesty was on the pier at Ostend, walking quietly about among his subjects like a simple citizen. He saw a Brussels burgher, and accosted him.

"*Eh bein*, and how are your orchids?"

"My orchids, sir?"

"Yes, those you exhibited two years ago."

The flower amateur had himself forgotten that past hobby, others having meanwhile engaged his attention; but the King never forgets.

This King possesses the precious art of finding the proper point of view from which to regard all classes of men. Visiting a large manufactory in company with the Shah of Persia, he approached a group of workmen, and said, shaking them by the hands:

"Never forget, my dear fellows, that we must all work. We are all workmen in our respective spheres."

His habits are simple, his activity great, and his ability as a statesman unquestioned. As it has often been declared, if he had been born in the burgher class, he would greatly have distinguished himself. According to his actual destiny, he is merely one of many Kings, and not one of the most popular.—Youth's Companion.

She Must Have Been Blind.

Colonel Yerger—Did you hear that Baron Nogood has married a rich girl?

Judge Peterby—Isn't he blind in one eye, and a pretty fast sort of a fellow about town?

"Yes; but so far as eyesight goes she is worse off than he is."

"How so?"

"Well, while he has lost only one eye, she seems to have lost the use of both, otherwise she would never have married him."—Texas Siftings.

It Proved Useful.

Hobson—Hello, Stryker, where are you going?

Stryker—To the races. I've got a dead sure tip for to-day, and I'm taking a trunk with me to bring my winnings home.

Hobson (meeting Stryker next day)—Well, did you have use for that trunk?

Stryker—I did. I borrowed enough money on it to pay my fare home.—West Shore.

—The latest Parisian novelty introduced into the New York market is the "ballet barometer." It consists of the figure of a coryphee on a thick card, with this inscription beneath: "Rose, rain; lilac, changeable; blue, fine weather. The skirt of the dancer is made of some gauzy material, saturated with a chemical solution which is sensible of every change in the weather.

—It costs the Nation $250,000 a year to print the Congressional Record

PHILOSOPHER DUNDER.

Honest Carl Does Some Very Practical and Useful Moralizing.

If I vhas to lif my life oafer again I should make shust as many blunders and mistakes—haf shust ash mooch to be happy oafer und regret. We see where we should haf done deeferent only when it vhas too late.

I vhas a strong believer in advertising, but I don't like to see it on a tombstone.

Der man who gets drunk vhas like der woman who wears tight shoes—both willing to make fools of themselves for a werry leedle reward.

I doan' like to see a man too particular about trifles, but I do agree dot he ought to haf a choice whether he vhas run oafer by a garbage wagon or a rag cart.

When I meet a man who vhas greatly troubled for fear dot Heaven vhill be full before his time comes to die, I know how it come about. He vhas on der Sunday-school excursion und run half a mile to get der best seat on der boat.

It vhas a mighty slim excuse to say of a person dot "it vhas only his way, you know, und you must excuse him." If dot vhas carried out all the murderers would go free.

If you see a man put his foot on a hot stove you call him either crazy or a fool. If you see him pour stuff down his throat to take his senses away you regard him as a leetle weak.

If it vhasnt for der schance we haf to gossip about odder people's weaknesses and wrong-doings, we couldn't shleep nights for fear of being found oudt ourselves.

So far as my observation goes, der man who gets a free pass on der street cars does most of der howling about slow time, poor accommodations, und so forth. Some thing for nothings vhas seldom appreciated in dis world.

A man vhill sometimes admit dot he made a mistake in a business transaction, but you can't get him to own oop dot his dog eafer disturbed anybody. It was eaferybody else who disturbed his dog.

If I vhas a woman und a wife, I should hat confidence in my husband shust so long ash he can shange his coat midout searching der pockets of der one he leaves behind. Dot right of search belongs to der wife.

Der man who comes to you for advice has no idea of doing as you tell him. He simply wants to see if you vhas as wise or as foolish as he vhas.

It vhas all right for us poor fellows to say dot money doan' make der man, but when we can't find a nickel to pay our street car fare it vhas awful hard work to lif oop to our principles.—Detroit Free Press.

DIDN'T WANT HIM.

How the Swamp Doctor Lost a Very Profitable Patient.

Thermometer, the first one ever seen in the Hackley Grove neighborhood, was recently hung out in front of old man Janson's store. The little indicator of weather freaks attracted much attention on the Saturday afternoon, following, when the "boys" from the surrounding country came to sit about, exchange one old story for another, and to eat cove oysters and borrow tobacco.

"An' you say this thing will tell a feller how hot it is," said old Uncle Bucky Clifton, addressing the swamp doctor who, having been hard at work stuffing a patient with calomel, had stopped to rest.

"Yes, that's what it will do. We had several of them at college when I was thar."

"Ah, ha; an' whut do it say now, this very minit?"

"Well, it says eighty.

"Eighty whut?'

"Eighty degrees. Means that it's them many degrees hot."

"It's time fur a feller to sweat when it gets that hot, I reckon."

"Yes, I reckon it is."

"Well, but you see I ain't swettin' none. Do you say they had these here things in the college whar you come frum?"

"Yes."

"Wall I don't reckon I want you to doctor in my house no mo'. A lot of folks that ain't got sense enough to tell when it's hot without havin' to look at one of these here things ain't fitten to give medicine to the human fam'ly. I war a goin' to ax you to come over and give my son Pete a dost of yo' medicine, but you neenter come."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Hope For Graduates.

Business Man (to applicant for position)—Your references as to character are very good, sir, and although you have had no experience I will try you.

Applicant—Thank you. I forgot to tell you that I have a college education.

Business Man—Well, don't worry about that. You'll soon forget it.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Enterprise.

Census Enumerator (aroused at midnight)—What's the matter out thar? What do you want?

Prominent Kansan—Git yer book an' hurry down to the creek! The boys air about to string up Alkalie Ike, an' fer the good uv the settlement we want him counted before it's everlastin'ly too late. —Munsey's Weekly.

She Admired a Sleep-Walker.

Fond Wife—I am so glad you have that habit of walking in your sleep.

Devoted Hubby—Well, I can't for the life of me see why. Explain yourself.

Fond Wife—Why, I made you carry the baby for hours last night and you did not know any thing about it.—Boston Beacon.

One Way Out of It.

He—Ethel, I'm ashamed of you! I saw that beastly foreigner kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?

She—I couldn't, dear.

He—Couldn't! What do you mean?

She—I can't speak his language.—Judy.

A Desirable Neighborhood.

Chickering—Some of the new houses up town are so narrow that a piano can not be put in.

Bans (excitedly)—You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them do you?—Puck.

MEN NEVER GOSSIP.

But They Take Great Interest in the Affairs of Their Neighbors.

"How you women do love to gossip!" exclaimed Jaysmith to his wife, as she came in from a conference with a neighbor.

"Oh, we don't gossip much," remarked Mrs. Jaysmith.

"Don't, hey! Why, two women can't meet without pouring into each other's ears an assorted lot of tittle-tattle. If men were as fond of gossiping about their neighbors as women are they'd have no time to attend to business, and then you women would be in a nice fix, wouldn't you, with no money coming into the house. I can't imagine such curiosity as women have about other people's affairs."

"I'm sure I don't gossip, Mr. Jaysmith. You never hear me talking about my neighbors."

"Don't, hey!"

"No, sir, you don't! Why, when Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man last week, I saw her go, and I never breathed a word about it to a living soul."

"What's that!" exclaimed Jaysmith. "Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man, and her husband in Europe on a business trip! That's rich. Last week, you said? Who was the man?'

"I don't see what you want to know for. Men don't like to gossip, you know."

"O, but this is different from ordinary gossiping. Who was the man? Where did they go? Has she come back yet?"

"No, she hasn't come back; but it seems to me you are asking a good many questions for a man who has no curiosity about other people's affairs."

"But, really, you must tell me. I think it is my duty to cable McCrackle about how his wife is carrying on in his absence."

"No, I shan't tell you any thing more about it, Mr. Jaysmith. The first thing you know you'll be so deeply interested in Mr. McCrackle's affairs that you won't have any time to attend to business, and then I'd be in a nice fix, with no money coming into the house, wouldn't I?"

"Jennie—Mrs. Jaysmith—I insist on knowing all the facts about Mrs. McCrackle's reprehensible behavior. As her husband's friend, I demand that you tell me all you know about it, so that I can cable to him intelligently. Poor fellow! What a shock it will be to him! He was so fond of her; and she went away with a married man last week and hasn't come back. I'm afraid the elopement will drive him crazy."

"Elopement! Who said any thing about elopement?"

"Why, you did!"

"Indeed, I didn't!"

"Didn't you say Mrs. McCrackle had run off with a married man?"

"No, I didn't, and if you hadn't such a keen scent for gossip and such a curiosity about other people's affairs, you wouldn't have misunderstood me."

"Then what in the world did you say?"

"I said that Mrs. McCrackle had left town with a married man. And so she did. She went with her brother, who lives in the country, to stay there until her husband comes back from Europe."

But Jaysmith did not wait to hear all of this explanation. He slapped on his hat and went down the street and acted real cross.—Jury.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

What Stylish Women Will Wear in the First Days of Autumn.

Gray undressed-kid ties, with gray Suede gloves and silk stockings of similar tint, accompany a great variety of rich summer costumes.

Beautiful toilets of white silk, striped with rose or silver, are made with full skirts, full blouse vests of lace, and open Louis XI. bodices, with large lace collars and frills at the edge of the open sleeves.

The Lady Stanley shoe is perfection in its shape and elegant in style. It is of black dressed kid, of the finest, most glove-like flexibility. It is lined with pale corn-yellow satin, cut open on the arched instep, and laced with plain black ribbon with a tiny satin edge.

Very fine qualities of "faced" cloth in shades of fawn, dragon-green, heliotrope, biscuit color, doe color and fishermen's blue will be used for stylish coats for autumn. A few of the "special" models, as they are termed, are much longer than the familiar tailor jacket, but an opposite extreme is reached in the vests, which look like braided bibs, and are short to absurdity.

Toby ruffles, Josephine fraises, Medici collarettes, and mousquetaire collars are the rage, also capes and antique ruffs, modified replicas of the huge Elizabethan ruffs certainly, but still ruffs, these latter decorations, however, appearing only upon grand summer fete toilets of most expensive and elaborate character. Much narrower ruffs of lace are everywhere worn, finding great favor among the hot-weather gowns where the collar is dispensed with entirely.

The all-round ruff, however, is not universally becoming. Sloping shoulders, slender throats, surmounted by well-shaped heads, and features of a certain cast combine to make the ruff a becoming article of dress. Women who do not possess these personal characteristics do well to avoid a fashion that tends to make a short neck look still shorter, besides producing the effect of unnaturally high shoulders.

Fine lace-straw passementeries are used on Paris-made toilets of black net, lace, and lace-striped grenadine, in the guise of girdles, sleeve and collar points.

Pretty jaunting costumes are made of white and blue plaided camel's hair or French cashmere, made everywhere bias of the goods. The bodice is in close cuirass fashion, with a Highland scarf folded from the right shoulder to the left hip. The scarf ends are long enough to do duty as a light shoulder wrap in case of a blow on the water or a fall in the temperature on the cars. Some of the new plain wool fabrics have rich Roman borders, others finely colored palms on a black or green ground, and still others have odd Tartan borders, in which the Campbell plaids and colors are prominent.—N. Y. Post.

—"Jobkins went fishing the other day and brought home a big string." "Of fish." "No, lies."—Lawrence American

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Plain Dress Shirts and Blouse Waists Continue to Be Popular.

Kid bonnets, vests, belts, collars, gloves and shoes, all matching in kind and color, to be worn en suite with silk and velvet dresses, are among the caprices of fashion for next season. Very soft pliable leather jackets are hinted at—no crude affairs these, for knock-about wear, but ultra-smart tailor-made coats, with a high-art finish and a high-bred air—a coat approved of by royalty itself, and far beyond the reach of the woman who stops while she shops to count her money.

Flounces both narrow and wide appear upon skirts of dresses that certain ruling modistes are sending out in opposition to other influential designers who are endeavoring to turn the tide in favor of sheath models. For church wear and visiting are very handsome black lace dresses made up over black moire or black Turc satin, with flounces of lace on the skirt, lace frills on the bodice, and a Directoire shoulder cape of the same, the ruffles shirred to a deep yoke of satin or moire.

Elbow sleeves appear upon many of the reception and dinner gowns. These are generally full in effect, being either puffed, loosely draped, or in regular bishop style, finished with the fashionable frill of lace or pleated lisse.

There is a rumor from over the sea that we have not yet done with plain dress skirts, and that, instead of adding to their volume, a breadth or two will be taken away, or at least a quantity removed by means of gores at each seam. It is to be hoped that this fashion will not be carried to the excess that it has been in past times. There is nothing either graceful, artistic or pretty about the style, and besides being uncomfortable to walk in, the closely gored skirt shows all the defects of a poor walker, and imparts a lank, skimpy, petticoatless look to the wearer that is the reverse of beautiful.

No one seems to tire of the blouse waist, and models in heavier fabrics are being made up for autumn wear, scarlet blouses, black satin, and black surah models appearing among other fancies Fine cream-white flannel blouses will be worn until late in the fall, and new crepe de Chine waists are made ready for demi-dress uses, to be worn with skirts of lace, velvet, silk or wool.

There is still much demand for pale ecru and pearl white castor gloves. There are no gloves better suited for general wear than these, and in point of economy they outlast three pairs of Suede gloves, which is to say that one pair of these washing gloves will last as long as three of any other kind—silk, lisle, dressed or undressed kid—for the reason that they can be washed once and again when soiled, and the chamois skin of which they are made is strong and durable.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE FAMOUS BULBUL.

Why the Hindoos Are so Very Fond of This Little Bird.

Throughout India people will make pets of any animals which can be induced to contribute to their entertainment. We noticed in Delhi that the average small boy, as well as children of a larger growth, exhibited a particular fondness for a certain little bird of ash-en plumage and black crest. This was the famous bulbul of which Hafiz has much to say, and some Western poets also who have sentimentalized about the Vale of Cashmere without even having seen it. He is usually tethered by a string attached to his leg, and sits upon his owner's finger, or hops about on his arm; sometimes, too, he adorns a tall perch in front of the doorway. A lady at the hotel remarked that "it was touching to see how fond these poor people were of their little birds." The mystery was soon solved. Returning from a drive one afternoon, we passed the colossal gateway of the great mosque, and saw that the broad and towering flight of steps before the principal entrance was covered with scattered groups of people, all intent on some occupation of absorbing interest. So vast and imposing was the architectural background that the crowd of little figures suggested one of Martin's weird pictures of the Judgment Day. Some great religious ceremony was evidently going on. So we got out, deeply impressed, to obtain a nearer view when, behold, in the center of each little group was a pair of these birds in mortal combat; and they fought as pluckily as the bravest of game fowl, and breathless was the interest shown by every spectator, whether street urchin or shawled and turbaned merchant. —Edwin Lord Weeks, in Harper's Magazine.

NATURE OF CATARRH.

Extract From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Nasal catarrh may be considered not as a local disease, but as a general disease with a local expression. That is, there is always a pre-catarrhal state in which the liver is torpid, and the skin has lost its power to eliminate its share of the poisonous waste material brought to it, and the kidneys are also deranged. The secretions of the kidneys have been used as an index to the general state of the body, and experiments made by injecting it under the skin of lower animals to ascertain how much it would take to kill a pound of flesh. From these experiments, it has been found that there is enough poisonous matter in the body, which if left to accumulate will cause death in two days and two or three hours. When the eliminative processes of the body are from any cause inactive, various morbid processes are set up and one of these is nasal catarrh. A sudden exposure to cold brings on a chill; there is a rise of temperature and the cold, perhaps, settles in the head, causing a discharge of mucous from the nose and congestion from undue blood supply. Thus the poisons which are in the blood from lessened activity of the excretory organs, poisons the tissues, germs find entrance and a catarrh is set up. There would probably be no chronic catarrh but for germs, but a person who is in precatarrhal condition is unable to resist the inroads of the germs and thus diseased processes are set up and perpetuated.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Southern Presbyterian Church sent out fourteen missionaries during the last year.

—The American Board has appointed fifty-two missionaries since the first of last November.

—If your thoughts leave God it will not be long until your hands will be raised against Him.

—In Cleveland, O., the Congregational churches have increased from three in 1860 to thirteen in 1890.

—If your piety does not make you more manly and lovable, it is certainly not the genuine article.—Zion's Herald.

—The church, which is the body of its founder, must be the expansion of the heart of Christ in the larger sphere of social relations.—Freemantle.

—The Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., has property to the value of $2,380,000, and during the last college year over 400 students were enrolled.

—For its 125,000 people Denver has 69 churches; 16 Methodist, 8 Presbyterian, 8 Congregationalist, 9 Baptist, 7 Roman, 6 Lutheran, 5 Episcopalian, 2 Disciples or Campbellites, 2 Jewish, 1 German Reformed, 1 Unitarian and 1 Universalist. The foreign population is not relatively so large as in Chicago, but is better represented in churches.

—Helmuth College, at London, Ont., not only gives usual college instruction to young women, but makes a specialty of colloquial teaching of modern languages and maintains a gymnasium and riding school for physical culture. This last is a department too much neglected hitherto in all colleges, especially those for young women.

—The first annual report of the Pacific Baptist Theological Union shows that this body has assets amounting to $30,336.95 and no liabilities. It owns buildings in Oakland that are, for the present at least, sufficient for its purposes, and it maintains a seminary in which a bibical and practical education is furnished to young people of both sexes who can not go East for instruction.

—God works with broken reeds. If a man conceits himself to be an iron pillar, God can do nothing with or by him. All the self-conceit and confidence has to be taken out of him first. He has to be brought low before the Father can use him for his purposes. The low-lands hold the water, and, if only the sluice is open, the gravitation of his grace does all the rest, and carries the flood into the depths of the lowly heart.—Alexander Maclaren.

—Thirty years since, the first Protestant missionary entered Japan, and at the close of 1888 there were 443 missionaries carrying on their work there, and of these 386 were from the United States and Canada. They have organized 249 churches, of which 93 are wholly, and 158 partially self-supporting. The members number 25,514. There are 9,698 day scholars and boarders; 287 theological students and 142 native ministers. In the mission hospital over 17,000 patients are annually treated, and the appreciation of the Japanese Christians has been shown by their contributions of 22,883 yens per annum. [A yen equals about 80 cents of our money.]

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If all flesh is grass, mummies must be hay.—Puck.

—An undeserved reputation is extremely hard to live up to.—Milwaukee Journal.

—The truly grateful heart may not be able to tell of gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

—The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose.—Sidney Lanier.

—The conceited man carries a mental microscope, which continually magnifies his mental importance.—Texas Siftings.

—"I thought you said your wife was dressed an hour ago?" "She was, but I think she must have stopped to put on her hat."—N. Y. Sun.

—If any thing in this world can put wings on the feet of indolence it is a woman with a dipper of hot water and a forward impulse when a tramp is "sassy."—Ram's Horn.

—Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung.—Somerville Journal.

—Men's rights are a great deal of trouble to them. They assert them and get them, and then don't know what to do with them. A man's rights, half of them, are meant to give away.—Beecher.

—Horse dealer—"Count you had certainly better buy that horse. He is perfectly sound." "I believe you. If he hadn't been sound he never would have lived to such an age."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"I want to git arf at Yonkers." "This train don't stop there." "Thin I'll till yez what we'll do; I'll git disordherly just beyant Shpyten Duyvil, and yez can kick me arf at Yonkers."—Harper's Bazar.

—Aunty—"So your papa has decided to send you to boarding school?" Little Boy—"Yes'm and I'm goin' to study awful hard, so I can go to college." Aunty—"I am delighted to hear that. You are anxious to go to college, are you?" Little Boy—"Yes indeed I love to row."—Good News.

—Friend—How are you succeeding at your joke writing, Somberlie? Somberlie (the humorist.)—Very well, but I am afraid I shan't continue long so. "Why not?" "Well, you see it is just this way. I write my best jokes when I am feeling bluest, when my manuscripts are returned, for instance; but now the editors accept my jokes so readily that I don't feel blue enough to write more.—Yankee Blade.

—Every boy is two or three boys, or twenty or thirty different kinds in one. He is all the time living many lives and forming many characters, but it is a good thing if he can keep one life and one character when he gets to be a man. He may turn out to be like an onion when he is grown up, and be nothing but hulls that you keep peeling off one after another, till you think you have got down to the heart at last, and then you have got down to nothing.—W. D. Howells.